

A CHOICE
COLLECTION

O F

Christmas Carols. 28

No. 1.

C O N T A I N I N G,

1. *Have you not heard of our Saviour's love,*
2. *When Joseph and Mary were to Bethlehem bound,*
3. *O! see man's Saviour in Bethlehem born,*
4. *A virgin most pure as the prophets do tell,*
5. *On Christmas day all Christians sing.*

T E W K E S B U R Y:

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COLLECTION, &c.



CAROL I.

HAVE you not heard of Our Saviour's love?
And how he suffered like a harmless dove,
But still we in our wickedness remain,
We crucify our blessed Lord again.

If you were going to be put to death,
You'll find it hard to find a friend on earth,
That would lay down his life to set you free,
But Christ did shed his precious blood for thee.

Consider what our Lord did undergo,
To prevent them from the gulph of woe:
Repent in time, your wickedness refrain,
Christ will not shed his blood for us again.

Then let each other, as we ought to do,
'Tis God's command, though kept by few:
For little love does in this world abound,
Nothing but spite and malice to be found.

Yet if we one another do not love,
How should we think that our great God above,
Will take us to his throne on high,
If we each other scorn and villify.

Here is a thing the scripture plainly shows,
 To pray for them that are our greatest foes ;
 If we think ever to meet in heaven,
 You **must** forgive, as you expect to be forgiven.

'Tis very apt for some to curse and swear,
 But let me now persuade you to forbear :
 And do not more abuse the name of God,
 Lest he should scourge you with his heavy rod.

The sin of drunkenness leave off in time,
 For that's another sad notorious crime ;
 Live sober lives, and lay that sin aside,
 Nay, and likewise the horrid sin of pride.

Some make wealth their God, as we do know,
 And to their neighbours no charity will show ;
 It's good to help the widow in distress,
 Relieve the needy and the fatherless.

Give to the poor, you lend it to the Lord,
 The cheerful giver God doth oft reward,
 In that sweet place where saints and angels dwell,
 How soon death may come, no tongue can tell.

Our latter end now let us all consider,
 For when our life is gone we know not whither
 Our precious souls may be condemn'd to go ;
 Lord ! keep us from the burning lake below.

Some men by gaming spend their whole estate,
 And they are sorry for it, when to late :
 Therefore in time ward off these foolish things,
 Which heavy sorrow and destruction brings.

Keep to the church, your sabbaths don't neglect,
 The holy scriptures may your soul direct :
 Then let it always be your chiefest care,
 To spend the Lord's day in fervent prayer.

Some are deprived of their precious sight,
 All worldly pleasures are hid from them quite;
 'Tis best to live in darkness here on earth,
 Than lose the light of heaven after death.



C A R O L II.

WHEN Joseph and Mary were to Bethlehem
 bound,

They by travel were weary, no lodging they found,
 In the city of David, tho' they sought it over all,
 They alas! could not have it but in an Ox's stall,

Tho' this place was not brave, but as mean as
 might be,

Our Redeemer and Saviour the great King of Glory,
 When the sweet babe of heaven was born there we
 find,

Whose life was once given for the sins of mankind,

While shepherds were feeding their flocks in the
 field,

The birth of our Saviour to them was reveal'd,
 Many angels assembling in the clouds did appear,
 While shepherds lay trembling, & smitten with fear,

Forbear to be fearful, you have reason to sing,
 Rejoice and be chearful, glad tidings we bring,
 There is born in the city of David therefore,
 Such a Saviour of pity whom we do adore.

He's the Prince of salvation, then be not afraid,
 With this salutation to the shepherds they said,
 Be no longer strangers, for in swaddling-cloaths
 He is laid in a manger. Then the shepherds arose.

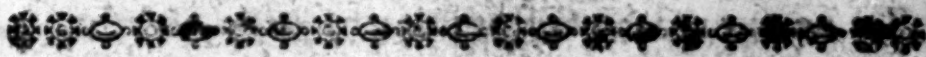
Being resolved together, to Bethlehem they go,
 And when they came thither they found it was so,
 They in duty adore him, coming where he was laid,
 Falling down before him obeysance they made.

Nay the wise men, whose prudence discover'd the
 star,
 Came to pay their obeysance, and travelled far:
 Bringing with them the choicest their country did
 afford,
 Of gold, myrrh, and spices to present the Lord.

These examples engage all Christians to be,
 Ever the same in all ages, both noble and free,
 Then rejoice and be merry in a moderate way,
 And never be weary to honour this day.

Which affordeth a blessing to the race of mankind,
 Far beyond all expression, if the sequel you mind,
 While on earth he was living he was doing of good,
 Nay in love so excelling, to shed his own blood.

To redeem and save us from the guilt of our sin,
 For love he wou'd have us new life to begin,
 Then remember the season, be kind to the poor,
 It's no more than reason, there's a blessing in store.



C A R O L III.

O see man's Saviour in Bethlehem born,
 His lodging base, himself held in scorn;
 The crib at which the ox and ass were fed,
 Mary, Christ's mother, makes her young son's bed.

Yet see how shepherds fall down flat before them,
 And how the wisemen do with gifts adore him,

Hark! how a choir of heavenly angels sing,
Sweet carols at the birth of this new king.

O happy man, when thou thy soul to save,
Christ comes from heaven, and makes himself a
slave:

See here that pillar, which being naked bound,
Thy Christ had his flesh tore with many a wound.

When the cock crows, let it this grief afford,
To think how Peter thrice deny'd his Lord:
See Judas's lantern, and see Judas pence,
See the dice threw, unclouth his innocence.

See pinchers, nails, and hammers how they meet,
To nail to the cross Christ's blessed hands and feet,
O wretched man! since Christ for thee thus dy'd,
Let him not still by thee be crucify'd.



C A R O L IV.

A Virgin most purely, as the prophets do tell,
Should bring forth Our Saviour, and now its
besei,

To be our redeemer from death, hell, and sin,
Which Adam's transgression had long reap'd us in.

Now therefore be merry, cast sorrow away,

Christ Jesus our Saviour was born on this day.

In Bethlehem city, in Judea, it were
That Mary and Joseph together were there,
And there to be taxed with Mary once more,
It was Caesar commanded the same should be so.

Now therefore be merry, &c.

And when they had entered the city so fair,
 A number of people together were there,
 But Joseph and Mary, whose substance was small,
 Could get in the inn no lodging at all.

Now therefore be merry, &c.

Then were they constrain'd in a stable to lie,
 Where horses and asses they used to tie:
 Their lodging being simple, they thought it no scorn,
 While she lay mourning the blest babe was born.

Now therefore be merry, &c.

The king of glory to the world being brought,
 Small store of fine linen for her being sought:
 And when she had swaddled her young son so sweet,
 Then in a horse manger she laid him to sleep,

Now therefore be merry, &c.

Then God sent his angels from heaven so high,
 To certain poor shepherds that in the fields lie,
 And bid them no longer in sorrow to stay,
 Christ Jesus our Saviour was born on that day.

Now therefore be merry, &c.

Then presently after the shepherds espy,
 A number of angels standing in the sky,
 Who joyfully talked, and sweetly did sing,
 To the God of all glory our heavenly king,

*Now therefore be merry, drive sorrow away,
 Christ Jesus our Saviour was born on that day.*





C A R O L V.

ON Christmas night all Christians sing,
 To hear what news the angels bring,
 News of great joy, news of great mirth,
 News of our merciful king's birth.

The king of kings, of earth and heav'n.
 The king of angels and of men ;
 Angels and men with joy may sing,
 All for to see their new-born king.

Angels with joy sing in the air,
 That Christ man's ruin will repair,
 And prisoners in their chains rejoice,
 To hear the eccho of their voice.

And now on earth can man be sad ?
 Our Redeemer's come to make us glad,
 From sin and death to set us free,
 And for to buy our liberty.

Now sin depart, behold his grace ;
 And death, his life comes in thy place :
 And now thou may'st thy terror see,
 And power great must conquer'd be.

From out of darkness we have light,
 Which makes all angels sing this night,
 Glory to God, and peace to man,
 Both now and evermore, Amen.

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P I N I S.

